Enter Titus, *olde* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *bearing the arrowes with letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke ye draw home inough and tis there straight,
Terras Astreâ reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*,
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happilie you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
VVhat time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsemen then we may goe pipe for iustice.
Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnkle thus distract?
Publius. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinsmen his sorrowes are past remedie

But

Ioine with the *Gothes*, and with reuengefu
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude
And vengeance on the traitour *Saturnine*.
Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my M
VVhat haue you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* se
If you will haue reuenge from hell you sha
Marrie for Iustice shee is so imploid,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or some wh
So that perforce you must needs staie a tim
Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me
Ile diue into the burning lake belowe,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles,
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars wee,
No big-boand-men framde of the Cyclops
But mettall *Marcus*, steele to the verie bac
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our bac
And sith ther's no iustice in earth nor hell,
VVe will sollicite heauen and moue the G
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our w
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer
He giues them the Arrowes.
Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollenem*
Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercurie*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the wi
Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnsollicited.
Marcus. Kinsemen, shoot all your shafts i
VVee will afflict the Emperour in his prid
Titus. Now Masters draw, Oh well said L
Good boy in *Virgoes* lappe, giue it *Pallas*.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyon